



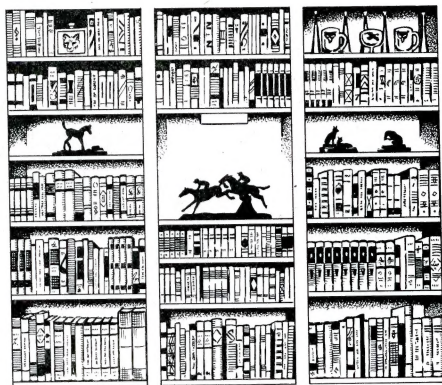


sport

Cotter

794

one of only 20 copies



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

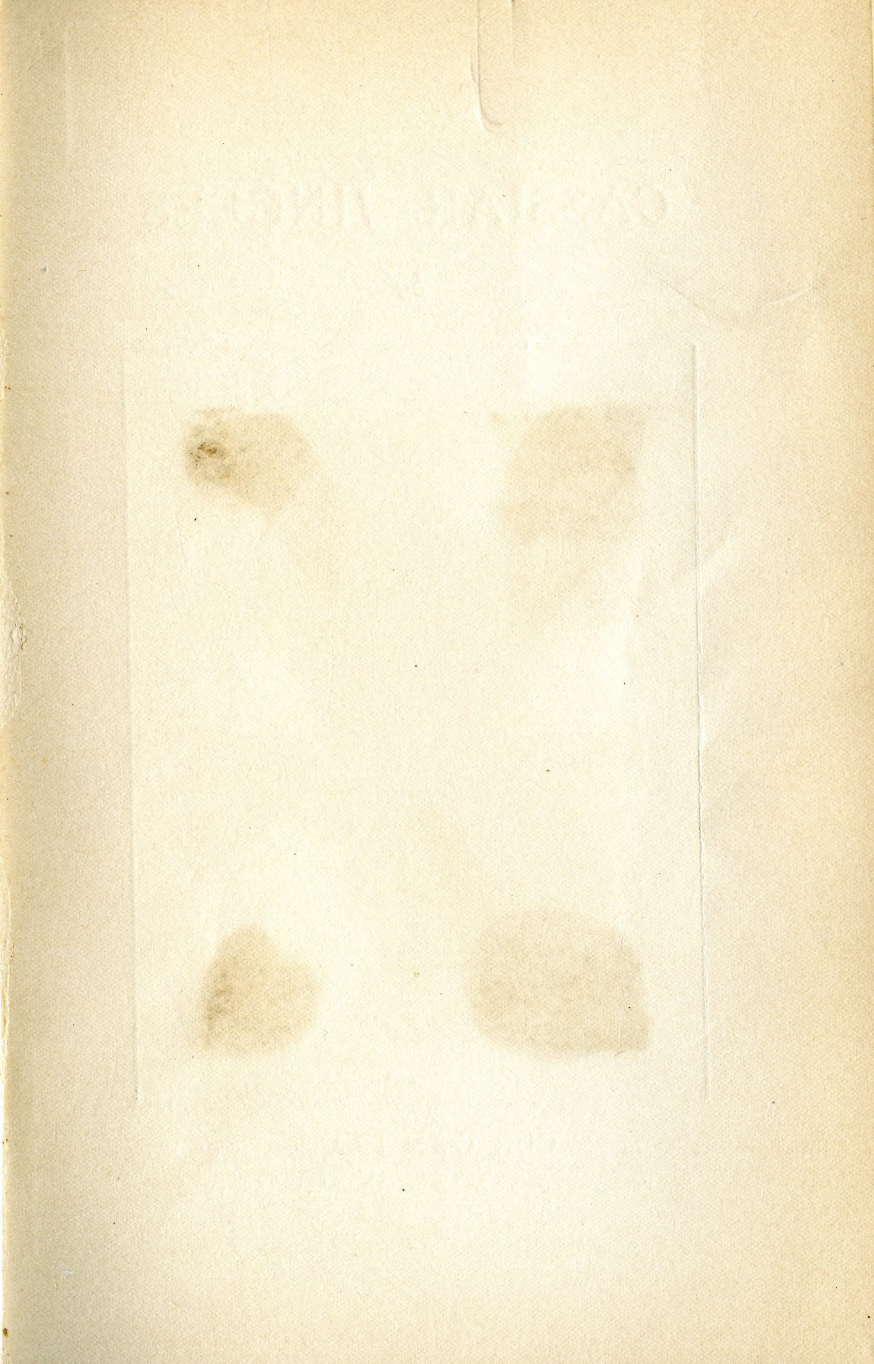
Bob:- this "dude"  
wants you to have  
one of the twenty copies  
of this book, because,  
after all, it was you  
who first put into  
my mind the thrills  
of big game hunting  
Yes  
Ray

1928









# CASSIAR JINGLES

*by*



OUR OWN FRANK



"Why is it Alaskans all come back  
When they've quit this land for good?  
Why is it that no man stays away  
When he's sworn to his friends he would?  
Where lies the grip this country hath  
All tangled around the heart  
That takes a grip that can never slip  
And can never be torn apart?

**"WHY"**

Pat O'Cotter

DEDICATED TO OURSELVES

**"Dudes"**

H. A. Benedict  
Gale Hunter  
Roy Latham  
Jack Nash  
Bill Stone

**"Roughnecks"**

Sid Barrington  
Frank Cotter  
Fred Hanford  
Art Sorset



Glacier Lake, September 7th, 1928

My Dear Sid:

In as much as you will probably be gone when I get back to the River I will drop you a line, and as a matter of fact after the way things are breaking, I am not very anxious to meet you face to face as you might want to bite me. The morning you left, we had a hell of a time with the packs, but finally got away, and the first hard luck was when that little bay gelding ran away and smashed the boat all to hell—hit a tree and busted it wide open, ripping the canvas all the way across.

We finally got started again, and the roan horse who was carrying the booze stepped between two roots and broke his right front leg right off. We had to shoot it and I asked Tom Hallis to do that and the crazy limey got to laughing at the horse dancing around on three legs, and his first bullet hit that case of hooch and he sent a soft nose bullet through breaking fourteen bottles of assorted hooch. We cached the rest and started on. One horse ran under a cut off bough and snagged the sugar sack and I noticed a white trail behind but curiously enough never thought anything about it till we got into camp, and then the sugar was empty. Oh, well, it makes a sweet trail, if you can still see a joke—I can.

We finally got to Barrington Lake and camped, and Mike pitched his bed too close to the camp fire and it caught fire and burned up and as he was using the two tents, the big one and a little one for bedding, they both got burned, so we will have to get some more. Lucky ain't it that we still have time. We had to pack that white horse and just before we got here here it stampeded into the river, and if you see a white horse on a bar near the mouth of Glacier creek, take off the packs as we are out of flour and the Cook's booze unless you find the said equine. Mike wrenched his knee opening a can of cream this morning, but he was still drunk for last night when we got in we were all so tired that we felt we should have a drink, and I guess it was mixing the booze, or thinking that rum and Scotch would mix, because we all got a bit hooched up.

We did not see much game on the way in, quite a few tracks but mostly cows and calves and the tracks were all pretty old, and just before we got to the Lake we saw one moose, an old cow but she was so poor that we would not even shoot her for dog feed.

Since we have been here we have kept a sharp look out for bear but have seen none, although coming through a berry-patch last night we both saw fresh sign.



There don't seem to be any sheep or goats on the hills, but maybe it is a bit early for them so far and they may be all in the timber where you can't see them, and when we come in the next trip we may see them. No grouse at all on the trail or around the Lake.

I tried all morning to get some fish, but no bites, and did not see any jump in the Lake, but at that, there may be some there only they are down deep this time of the year.

We made a raft and crossed the lake to the place we had in mind for the camp, and it looks like it would be a good place to camp if we had any tents to pitch or had not had hard luck with the grub on the way in. Gee, I was planning on having some fun with that boat, too, but we will pick up the pieces on our way back and leave them at the river, and you can see for yourself how bad it was busted. In all your life on the Rivers, you never saw a boat wrecked like that one. The tents and grub and booze I suppose you can replace, and we can bring it in with the last load when we come in with the hunters. They may not get game here but they will have a nice trip in as the trail is still good.

Well, Old Scout, I suppose you are ready to bite some one, so I will now tell the truth. We got away late, and had a lot of grief with the Cross Tree Packs. Mike is not used to them and does not like them. He wants you to borrow three Apprejos from the H. B. Co. with layer ropes, and have them there to bring the heads back with us. We made the grade and arrived at Barrington Lake at 5 P. M. and went into camp. Mike shot a young bull moose and as we had to cache the boat three miles back, the next morning he and Hallis went back with a horse to get that while I butchered the moose and hung it up. We will take it to the Stikine with us tomorrow.

Yesterday we pulled out of B Lake at 10 A. M. and came right through to Glacier Lake, arriving at 6 P. M. A hard trip but we made it. Today the horses are resting and feeding up, and we have the supplies across on the camp site, tents pitched and everything in ship shape. We did not break a single thing coming in but you are crazy as hell about there being thirty-three bottles. There is here now and I just unpacked and counted them 2 sherry, 2 creme de menthe, 7 Gordon Gin, 4 rum, 5 brandy, 4 vermouth, 6 D C L Scotch and 1 peach brandy, or 31 bottles and we opened a bottle of rum last night for a hot toddy and to celebrate getting in on time.



The country is full of moose, and we have seen lots of bear sign but no bear so far. At noon today we saw three flocks of sheep from the camp, at least 75 sheep and a half dozen bunches of goat. Fish are jumping in the lake but we have no time to try for them as we want to get the camp well under way before we leave in the morning for the river. Mike and I will go in with the horses and will stop tomorrow night at Barrington Lake, and come on down the next morning. The little horse of yours is at B Lake, fat as a seal and wild as a mad whore. We couldn't catch him, but will this time in. The lake is even more beautiful now than it was and the hunt looks good to me as far as eats and drinks and game goes.

Yours sincerely,

COTTER.

Carte du Jour  
**HOTEL DEL BARRINGTON**

Monday, September 24th

TO ORDER

Sliced Oranges and Maraschino au Cognac

Breakfast Steak of Moose  
with Rasher of Bacon

Rum Omlette

Green Pea Omlette

Hungarian Loaf, with Jelly

Minced Ham Omlette

Cereals

German Pancakes, with Honey  
Roughneck Hotcakes and Bacon Grease

Eggs

Minced Ham and Scrambled Eggs  
Bacon and Eggs, Stikine Brand  
Stikine River cured Ham, grilled  
Poached Eggs, Vienna style

Toasts

Creamed Toast, Buttered Toast, Scraped Toast

Drinks

English Breakfast Tea, Coffee, Lake Water

**N O T I P S P L E A S E**

Notice to the General Public whose kindly patronage we have tried to deserve and without which aforementioned same this joint would be unable to run. Sit on your own hat.

**GUESTS BELCHING WILL BE EJECTED**

**MOUSTACHE CUPS WILL BE FURNISHED BY  
THE MANAGEMENT AFTER FIRST WEEK**

**GOD SAVE THE KING**



Our Roy was feeling pregnant  
And his Kneck began to swell  
And when Doc Stone examined him  
He said, "That's not so well.  
There's one thing that might cure you  
If you're not easy on the scare  
And the cure I would prescribe for you  
Is the blood of a Grizzly Bear."

Now Roy greased up his blunderbus  
And changed his sleeping bags—  
He oiled the boot trees in his pack  
And changed his greasing rags.  
He laid away his dressing gown  
And hid his shaving gear  
And folded up his silken tent  
While all the gang did cheer.

He started out with head held high  
And paced the Glacier shore  
One object occupied his mind  
And that was Grizzly gore.  
He left the Lake and climbed the hills  
And searched with anxious eye  
To try and find a Grizzly  
That was prepared to die.

He found one way up in the brush  
A great big dark browed boy  
He growled a wild defiance  
But that didn't phaze our Roy.  
He peeked right through the bushes  
And parted the high grass  
And when he piped the Grizzly  
He shot him in the ass.

The Grizzly shouted loud his rage  
And vented loud his spleen  
Roy coolly flipped his Springfield  
And bored him in the bean.  
The Grizzly cussed out all man kind  
And started for a draw  
But Roy cut down another shot  
And soaked him in the jaw.

And what a wallop that was boys  
Dempsey never knew its mate—  
The bear gave up the Holy Ghost  
And rapped at the Pearly Gate.  
And Roy yanked off the quivering pelt  
With red blood dripping rare  
And wound around his fevered neck  
The hide of the Grizzly Bear.

And now the Kneck is all healed up—  
Roy swells with modest pride  
And tells about the shots he made  
And proves it by the hide.  
And all the Gang are envious  
And hope his pride to share  
But Roy won't talk to any one  
Who has not killed a Grizzly Bear.



## GETTING DOC'S GOAT

Doc Stone was a deep sea Medico.  
He lived in a world of Pills  
And spent his life in the goodly cause  
Of curing other's ills.  
He could throw a mean obstetric.  
An appendix was pie for him.  
But when he could put this all behind  
His cup was full to the brim.

He handled a mean Confinement Case  
If the Mother was young and fair,  
And at the Gonny Hoo Rah  
Friend Doc was surely there.  
He was wise to Materia Medica.  
He knew it from soup to nuts  
And if you had fallen arches  
He could trace the cause to your guts.

Now Doc had a deep seated yearning—  
He wanted the glands of a goat  
So he headed away to the Cassiar  
On a deep C. P. R. Boat.  
Says Doc, 'You can have your moose and sheep.  
As for bear, I'd as soon shoot a shoat.  
But the game I want, and the game I crave  
Is the far famed Mountain Goat."

So Doc with his yen for a Mountain Goat  
Left Camp, when the air was chill  
And before the sun was high overhead  
He spied four goats on a hill.  
Says Doc, "Keep cool. Them goats will wait.  
Let me eat of Fred's bread and ham.  
And if they won't wait till I have a bite  
I'm sure I don't care a damn.

Says Doc, "The Goat is a trusting thing  
And it goes dead against my rule  
To try and deceive e'en a billy goat  
And make him look like a fool.  
I'll walk right up with my head held high,  
But now, we'll just stop and smoke  
And I like a Life Saver after a puff,  
If this Goat can take a joke."

So he walked right up like a King of France  
And he looked the Goat in the eye,  
And he hynotized that God Damned Goat  
Till it just wished to die.  
The Goat took a look at the smiling Doc  
And he fell for the Doc's Red Coat  
While Doc wiped the sweat from his moistened brow  
And sat and looked at the Goat.

But at last he came to the end of the trail,  
Or the place where the trail got rough,  
And he parked his "fanny" upon a rock  
Saying "This is close enough."  
He hugged his Mauser to his cheek  
And said, "Goat, your time is through."  
Then he gently pressed the trigger  
And cut that goat in two.

He shot again, and another dropped,  
Dropped like the Fall of Rome.  
Doc calmly lighted a cigarette  
And said, "Well, let's ramble home.  
I wanted a goat, and I picked off two.  
An autopsy shows them both dead.  
But one of them has a broken horn  
And I'll give the other to Fred."

Now Doc is peeved, for a broken horn  
Means he must shoot once more,  
For Doc must go out with a perfect goat  
Or he loses his perfect score.  
Doc's motto is "I won't be rushed,  
Game may wait or run away,  
And the game I lose this afternoon  
I will shoot another day."

"I take my time when I go to hunt,  
And I take my time to look.  
I wouldn't even deceive a goat  
For my life is an open book.  
So another day I will start again  
Down the lake, in the canvas boat,  
And when you hear that Mauser bark  
I'll have me a two horned goat."



Tuesday, September 25th

Mere du Glacier

**CASA DEL BARRINGTON CAFE**

"We break our ass to please"

**MEALS ANY TIME**

**D I N N E R**

**M E N U**

Dry Martini Cocktails  
Hooch and Lake Water  
Glacier Lake Trout (perhaps) up to "Doc"  
Lemon Butter  
Queen Olives                      Hearts of Celery  
Brigham Young Soup, with Noodles  
Boiled down from one young Goat

**E N T R E E S**

Grilled Mutton Chops Limey Fashion  
French Peas  
Solera Sherry Oloroso  
al MARQUES del MERITO

**S A L A D S**

Fruit Salad                      Cold Slaw au Cabbage

**V E R M O U T H**

Noilly Pratt and Cie

**R O A S T S**

Leg of very young Goat  
Sauce fine Herbs  
Roasted Stikine Potatoes  
Buttered Carrots

**D E S S E R T S**

Date Nut Pudding, Lemon Cream Sauce  
Kraft Cheese

**C A F E N O I R**

Toast Master—Dr. Stone, K.D.C., D.G.H., E.C.T.  
Musical Program—Gale Hunter, P.D.Q. and

N. B. By special Request Mr. Hunter will render that  
pathetic Ballad entitled, "Them Little Old Red Drawers."

Now Gale, of the Tribe of Hunter  
Was born 'neath a "Hunting Moon,"  
And the very first pap that was fed him  
Was fed from a goat horn spoon.  
As a Kid, he shot craps on the corner  
And he'd take a chance with a Klooch  
And e'er he had finished with high school  
He had sampled a small shot of hooch.

He sailed with the gang for the Cassiar  
And Gale had been there before.  
And he told the gang there was moose and bear,  
And sheep and goats galore.  
He told them all they would get a bag  
That would swell a sucker's nut  
And of how they could tell a mountain Goat,  
And of which end was the butt.

When they came to the Camp at Glacier Lake  
He sang a Siren's Song  
And he told H. A. and his Old Pal Nash—  
"Boys, I wouldn't steer you wrong,  
Get out right now, while the going's good,  
Take the horses and Walter and Mike—  
The sheep are good and the trail is fine  
And you really won't have to hike.

Take a little tent and a little grub  
And off you go on the mooch  
If you travel light, you will travel far  
And I wouldn't take any hooch.  
A man to shoot, needs the clear gray eye  
And bootleg makes a man sick  
And if you feel that you crave a drink  
You can take a bite out of the creek.

I'll stick at home, and I'll watch the Camp,  
And I'll watch our stock of rum  
And the bird that nicks a drink from me  
Will sure be going some.  
And when you come back we will stage a show  
Just to celebrate your return;  
And I'll be lonesome till you come back  
And a light in the window I'll burn.



So these trusting pals hit the long long trail  
And they climbed the mountains high  
And they hunted the Sheep and the mountain Goat  
Away up against the sky.  
They ate what they shot,  
And they drank from the stream  
And at night they froze in their tent,  
And their pratt works sagged till it hid their tracks  
As over the hills they went.

Now down at home was the wild Old Gale  
Well fed and warm forsooth  
And he dined on a haunch of mountain Sheep  
Washed down with a gin and Vermouthé,  
Or a toddy of Scotch as he hit the hay  
And Java at early morn  
With never a thought of the pals he'd sent  
Short grubbed to the hills forlorn.

Now his conscience pricks, and a worried look  
Creeps in when he stops to think  
And he tries to frame a square up line  
Each time when he takes a drink.  
He plans a side camp all alone  
Till the time when their wrath shall cool  
And the rest of the gang can square this plot  
When he shattered the Golden Rule.

Life has no kick for the worried Gale  
Tho lately he sallied forth  
And he crossed the flat and he climbed the hill  
That lies just off to the North.  
He climbed it high and he climbed alone  
With his forty five seventy gun  
And he downed a goat at five hundred yards  
But he didn't have very much fun.

For a specter appeared on the far sky line  
Of a pal, betrayed and grim  
And Gale to square a wrong he'd done  
Chased a flock of goats up to him.  
And today is the day they may come back  
And Gale has a worried look  
For he blames himself, and himself alone  
For the God Awful trip they took.

And he's framed the gang to stand by him  
And to try and take his part  
And if H. A. and Nash won't reason  
Just to give him a hundred yards start.  
But the gang all know that the boys are sports  
And if it is squared all right  
Gale will open a bottle and treat the boys  
And maybe he'll sleep tonight.

So it's up to the gang to all stand pat  
And back up the play he's made  
And lie like Hell and make them believe  
It was all for the best, as he said.  
And if all goes well, and they stand for it  
And take the gaff with a cheer  
It's sure up to Gale to square himself  
With the gang that stayed with him here.

For taking the best along with the worst  
And trying to see the light—  
It's easy to see where maybe Gale  
Really did what he thought was right.  
And if only the travelers will believe  
And will think the things that they should  
We may bull them into believing  
That the trip was all for their good.

So every gent will play his hand  
But the dude that should turn pale  
Till they drop their guns, and shed their shoes  
Is the Sport who answers to GALE.



**DAILY SCORE CARD**  
**BARRINGTON ROAD HOUSE**

**Glacier Lake B. C.**

**September 26th, 19 Something**

Java en Ostermoor

**Fruit**

Florida Dream of Fresh Fruits with Vermouth  
Stikine River Pine Apples au Natural

**Eggs**

Scrambled Grizzly Bear Style  
Fried in Goat's Milk with Nut Fed Ham  
Hungarian Egg Loaf, I. W. W. Style  
Hard Boiled for Bear Hunters

**Meats**

Scrambled Hide of Grizzly Bear  
Mountain Sheep Chops, Stone Age Style  
Moose Steaks, and Gum Boot Spuds

**Fish**

Grilled Mountain Trout  
Christian Science Style  
Boneless Glacier Lake Herring  
Au Tin Can

**Pastry**

Hot Cakes with Vermont Maple Syrup  
Toasted Cook Shack Rolls and Marmelade

**To Order**

Tall Blondes with Gold Teeth  
Chorus Girls with Cigarette Breaths  
Any Damn Thing you want

Motto for the day

If we please you holler for more, if not, holler like Hell

Way back in Merry Michigan  
When the World was just a pup  
Ma Hanford turned to Pa, and said  
'It's time you're getting up,  
I feel a funny pain right here  
We may expect a child that's young  
Perchance he'll grow to be a cook  
That will make folks BALL THEIR DUNG."

And when the silly thing appeared  
With all the Natal Fuss  
They looked at him and laughed aloud  
He was such a funny cuss.  
He had no hair upon his head  
And yet, he was Well Hung  
And Pa opined "There is a Kid  
That will make them BALL THEIR DUNG."

The youth grew up, the Village Pride  
He had a head of curls  
And ere he raised a shiny dome  
He raised Hell with the Girls.  
They told his deeds in Michigan  
And in Detroit his praise was sung  
When he took the flappers for a ride  
He made them BALL THEIR DUNG.

At last he came to Wrangell  
Where he peddled Union Oil  
And earned an honest living  
Without the need of toil  
He'd have the gang to visit him  
And then his Dauber swung  
And when he served Chop Suey  
He made them BALL THEIR DUNG.

Sid Barrington of The Unafraid  
Had friends from the Far East  
Who wished to hunt the Grizzly Bear  
And who also liked to feast.  
Sid spake to Fred, and said Kid Go  
And I'd sure give a lung  
To watch you throw a frying pan  
And make them BALL THEIR DUNG.



Now Fred, too, was Unafraid  
He grabbed a bunch of food  
And said "When we hit Glacier Lake  
I'll throw a meal that's good.  
I'll feel them goat, or maybe sheep  
And I only hope it's young  
And if the gang will eat it,  
I'll make them BALL THEIR DUNG.

And now the gang is back again  
Close by the River side  
And Sid is gone, Fred's mixing hooch  
To a gang unsatisfied  
And if they stay with him till dawn  
And the evening still is young  
And drink the drinks he's mixing  
He'll make them BALL THEIR DUNG.

**BARRINGTON'S HOT SHEEP JOINT**  
**ONE DAY DURING THE WEEK FOR BREAKFAST**

**Thursday**

**September 27th**

**FRUITS**

Pine Cones with Spruce Pitch

Prunes a la Latham

Grape Fruit au tin can

**CEREALS**

Shredded wheat poultices and Goat's Milk

Spruce boughs and slough water

Caribou moss and cold coffee

**MEATS**

Grilled Mountain Sheep Chops, Lithographed

Mountain Goat Cutlets, Stoned

Breakfast Steak of Moose

**EGGS**

Minced Ham and Scrambled

Bacon and Eggs a la Roughneck

Anchored on a raft of Toast

**HOTCAKES**

Genuine Glacier Lake Hots with Union Oil

Waffles and Imagination

**COFFEE   TEA   MILK   CHOCOLATE   COLD WATER**  
**N. B. P. SLE. T. C.**

Special Announcement. Owing to the fact that it is THAT time of the year, the cook's Kneck is swelling and today he is "running" in the woods. This dead fall will be shy on hash today, noon. Artie, too, is out looking for a small piece of meat.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**

By special arrangement we are able to offer through the courtesy of the Celebrated big game hunter and Lithographer Kid Latham, any kind of game or heads or hides on short notice. Unfortunate hunters and cripples place orders early.

LOST. Special Reward offered for the return of a pair of High Powered Testicles lost from the sheep killed by Kid Latham yesterday. Finder please return, unused to get the money.

Wanted one complete set of Grizzly Bear Tracks and other signs to be used as models this winter when I get back to Little Ancient Gotham. Apply Gale Hunter, 23 Spruce Lodge.

"Ze Cook, she's name it Freddie  
She's from Oconomowoc  
And when she's travel have to pay  
Excess baggage on ze cock.  
It's give her lots of trouble  
When she is jus a boy  
But when she be a man grow up  
It makes ze pride and joy.

In morning when alarm clock go  
Before she roll out of bed  
She fondle pair of testicles  
And pet him on ze head.  
And if she's been a week from home  
An all ze boys will listen  
She tell ze boys "wat" she could do  
And all she need is pissin'.

Doc Rock she's been a damn smart mar  
She's got patients alive and dead  
And she tell ze truth with Freddie  
An say "It's in ze head,"  
I watche you every morning  
And dis most "one's" belief  
You have no cause feel anxious  
Bout zat piece of old jerk beef.

You feel better if you blow ze noze  
And something else is zis—  
You find you get ze great relief  
If you don't shake it wen you piss.  
And remember when you step outside  
Each morning at break of day  
Ze laws of Canada say if you shake  
More zan three times, it is play.

You make me tink of old old dog  
Who dream he chase ze sheep  
An muscles in 'is 'ind legs twitch  
And 'e bark wen 'e sleep  
You think too much of days gone by  
When youth cause it to stand  
When you could go be'ind ze barn  
And run off a batch by hand.



But now zat stuff is of ze 'ead,  
But is lef to you ze dream  
And wen at night you dream in bed  
You don't raise any cream,  
No need of you to rise and switch  
You don't 'ave to change ze shirt—  
You feel flattered if ze good wife say  
"Fred, 'ow came zis dirt?"

So take advice of one "oo" knows  
Don't fondle 'im so much  
Don't try it more zan once each month  
Or you get yourself in Dutch.  
For youth and 'ard ones go along  
An with ze time take wings  
And you should try forget ze past  
And think of better things.

## S I D S B O D E G A

Friday

September 28th

### TIFFIN TICKET

**SOUP**

Vegetable

**Fish**

God Save the King

**Olives**

Stuffed with hunting stories

**Cold Meats**

Shoulder of Mutton

(The only cold shoulder in the Bodega)

**Salads**

Shredded cabbage with French dressing

**Broiled**

Mutton Chops, cut from prize Latham Sheep

**Vegetables**

Shoe String Potatoes

French Peas

**Dessert**

Sliced Washington Peaches

with

Stone's Genuine Goat Milk

**Drinks**

Tea

Goat's Milk

Lake Water

It is rumored that Captain Barrington and an older brother of our Own Gale may be in. Before they arrive, that is the lads who have been hunting up the creek, Mr. Gale Hunter is planning on possibly making a trip out to the River to meet his brother and incidently giving the hunting party a chance to cool off.

Hunting parties are advised that from now on, Doc Stone is all through with goats. From this date, Goats get a chance to live, love and enjoy domestic life.

Roy Latham wants to Martin Johnson a Moose, and will leave as soon as the sun gets good for a spot 200 yards down the lake.

The Waiter will gladly call a cab for you if you are in a rush so patrons are requested to take their time.

Doc came from his tent in the Morning  
And gazed at the sun-kissed sky.  
He carelessly fondled his Sign of Sex  
And looked the thing in the eye.  
He sipped of his can of Java  
As he slipped on the Old Red Coat  
And he mentioned to Gale at breakfast  
"Today I go after Goat."

Then up and away in the canvas raft  
Way up to the head of the Lake  
Where the mists hang high on the Mountain Peaks  
Way up where the hunting's all Jake.

He greased and caressed the Mauser  
And laced up his hunting shoon  
And said "There'll be guts to clean today  
For last night there was blood on the moon."

Now Goat live high in the mountains,  
High as a doctor's bill,  
But distance means nothing to Dr. Stone  
When he has a yen for a kill.  
So he scanned the peaks with naked eye  
Then he scanned the hills with a glass,  
And he said to Art who was standing near  
"That looks like a Billy Goat's Ass."

"Aye, aye," yessed Art, "It's an easy hike,  
And I'll park my pratt right here  
While you and Cotter make the hike  
I'll sit on the bar and cheer.  
So up and away went the Medico  
Where the hill was rough and steep  
Where nothing could go save a mountain goat  
Or, perhance, a big horn sheep.



High up above where the clouds play tag  
They came to a rocky slide  
And Doc lost faith in his trusty "dogs"  
And put on his new Pratt Glide.  
He oiled his "Fanny" and slid across  
Like a draw-bridge over a moat  
And this was one that they didn't know,  
He double-crossed the Goat.

He drew a bead on a set of horns  
That shone in the sun like jet,  
And how could he know when the shot rang out  
That he'd bumped off a Suffragette.  
His thought flashed back to the cook shack  
And he thought of Fred and the Ham,  
So he sighted again and he shot again  
And he bumped off a good fat Lamb.

Then home in the gathering twilight  
In a beat through the wind-whipt spray  
They made for the light at the head of the Lake.  
Doc called it a perfect day.  
Then just a suggestion of Hennessy  
And then a suggestion of more  
As Cheek to Jowl, with many a howl,  
They talked the marvel o'er.

## DINNER MENU

Sid's Shack

Friday Night

September 23th, 1928

The Management regrets to announce that a slight cover charge will have to be assessed for the benefit of crippled Goats suffering from that dread disease known as Stone Bruise.

### DRY MARTINI COCKTAILS

MUTTON BROTH. N. B. This sheep has had all of its lithographs removed, has no adenoids left, drinks only Lithia water, and does not Lispth.

### FRICASSEE MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Le Roi

### HOT BISCUITS AND HONEY

If cold, guests may hold same in left hand until hot

### SALADS

### VEGETABLE SALADS

### FRUIT WITH CHEESE

### ROASTS

### ROAST LEG OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Au Jus like Roy

### VEGETABLES

### MASHED POTATOES

### SUGAR CORN

### DESSERT

Chocolate Pudding

Goat's Milk

### CAFE NOIR

### PIPES

### CHEWING TOBACCO

The management regrets to have to announce that owing to the noise and confusion, beans will not be served until we receive our shipment of Maxim Silencers.

POSITIVELY NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MIS-  
PLACED GUNS, SOCKS OR REPUTATIONS

DANCING AFTER NINE P. M.

NO TABLES RESERVED

Phone Cassiar 2323

2856 Goat Walk

Gents are requested not to piss on the fire

Sunday Morning

September 30, 1928

Sunday Morning on Glacier Lake, just as October dawned

Three bull moose walked into camp, while the hunters slept  
and yawned.

Three bull moose with the light of love, lit in their soft  
brown eye

With a song of love in their shaggy throats, one of them  
doomed to die.

Art saw them first and the Ski Jumper Yell echoed back from  
the sky

As he gave the alarm to the distant hills with his adenoid  
pitched Norsk cry.

Doc broke out with "Fanny" bare, bared to the morning  
breeze.

Roy burst forth like a hotel band, till the wind hit his quiv-  
ering cheese.

Nash stepped out with his blunderbus, bare as September  
Morn

While high o'er the wild excitement, Art sounded his hunting  
horn.

The bull moose paused in mild amaze, and gazed at the scene  
so strange.

And there they stood on the bank of the Lake, in easy rifle  
range.

Said one bull moose to a younger son, "Come over, closer,  
Boy."

And whispered, "What in Hell is that" and pointed a horn at  
Roy.

Then the third bull moose crept closer in. He was a trifle rash.  
And he sounded his call, the call of love, when he caught first  
sight of Nash.

The big one saw Doc and he batted his eyes, and he spoke to  
the staring third

"I think I'll go over and steal a piece. I'd like a calf out of that  
bird.

But tell me, King, what's that hangs down between those  
knobby knees?

It hangs till it almost touches the ground, and it starts way  
up by the cheese.

And what is the scent that fills the air? It smells like a Wol-  
verine track.

But none of them knew so they stood and gazed while Nash  
slipped his foreskin back.



Then loud and clear on the morning air, and over the frozen  
ground

Nash belched! Mountains shook like an earthquake, at the  
ringing, echoing sound.

The bull moose trembled with alarm. They turned to the for-  
est shade

With fear in their hearts they hit the trail and plenty of  
tracks they made.

Then they came to life, these hunters bold, and Nash shook a  
load from his gun,

As the sudden sound amused him, he shot a lot more for fun.

Then the moose grew alarmed, they did not know that they  
were safe right there.

So they walked away with strange tales to tell when they  
meet a sheep or bear.

And in days to come, through the winter long, they will tell  
of their morning tramp

Of September morn when adown the lake, they walked into a  
Hunter's Camp.

But the other moose will never believe the tales they tell of a  
cock

That hung on one of the hunters. Was it Roy, or Nash, or  
Doc?

Jack Nash was a lawyer from Gotham  
He could tell a Demur from a Brief  
And he spent all his time in the City  
In defending the Harlot and Thief.  
But he rose from his desk one fine morning  
He said "I'll save no more birds from the Chair  
Instead of defending I'll slaughter  
And I long for the blood of a bear.

I long, like a coon longs for chicken  
I crave like a drunkard craves rum  
I long as Friend Gale, has the longing for tale  
And Doc knows that that's longing some  
I hanker to sidestep the taxi's  
I would pass up the cluster lights glare  
And I want to get out in the open  
And tear the ass out of a bear."

So he hied him away to the Y. M. C. A.  
And there he found Latham and Gale  
They were discussing sin, over bootlegger's gin  
And lamenting the high price of tail  
Doc and H A happened by, they had heard the sad cry  
They said, "Jack, don't make so much fuss  
For we travel afar, to the famed Cassiar  
Come along up and be one of us."

So they got him an outfit, a fly kit and gun  
Some shoes and a trick hunting knife  
Some swank hunting rags and a few sleeping bags  
And assured him the time of his life  
Everything was all Jake, when they hit Glacier Lake  
On a trip with H A he did fare  
He saw plenty of sheep, but the hills were too steep  
But he never saw hide of a bear.

Octobr drew near, and the weather once clear  
Had changed to a cold drizzly rain—  
Jack was deep in his bunk, dreaming that he was drunk  
And back with the Tall Blonde again  
But he heard a wild shout, and in shirt tail turned out  
And he killed a moose dead the first shot  
And while the boys cheered, he smiled and then sneered  
"That's nothing, I'm just getting hot.

I'm bad, I am wild, I'm the Devil's Own Child  
I like meat blood raw with my meals  
A mad dog I'd squelch, with one single belch  
When he sees me, a wolf's blood congeals.  
I'm started out now, my hand's to the plow  
I'm rar'ing to go, watch me rare  
Just trot out the guides, and I'll bring in the hides  
Of a lot of these Grizzly bears."

In the old canvas boat, they soon were afloat  
Mike and Walter were his two Chaperones  
They went out to skin and to bring the bear in  
Or rather the hide and the bones.  
They followed the shore, for two miles or more  
Then they landed and climbed the long hill  
And there 'neath a pine, they saw fresh bear sign  
And Jack belched out his hunger to kill.

And it chanced that right there, lived a vicious big bear  
With fangs made like Fred's carving knives  
The two Guides turned pale, but Nash did not quail  
He said, "Courage Lads, I'll save your lives."  
He threw up his gun, and Bruin did run  
He was sprinting like Hell for his life  
But Our Jack was right there, tho he missed the damn bear  
Like a chorus man misses his wife.

The bear gathered speed, but Jack drew a fine bead  
The bear skidded to sidestep some ruts  
And while Bruin just soared, the trusty gun roared  
And Jack shot the bear in the guts.  
The bear stumbled on, but his speed was all gone  
It seemed nothing his wild charge could check  
But Jack took a fresh aim at the sabled hued game  
And he shot the big brute in the neck.

He looked all around, but no more bears he found  
So he jerked that pelt loose from the frame  
And with this Habaes Corpus tied round his neck  
He helped them to pack in the game  
"Now you hunters," said he, "You hardly know me  
But NOW, you know who I am  
When I turn myself loose, a beer and a moose  
In one day don't amount to a damn.



In the days yet to come, as I sip a hot rum  
As I sit in the Chair of a Judge  
If a gangster gets bad, it won't make me feel sad  
I'll simply whisper, Poo Poo, or fudge  
For I've proved I'm a man, I belong to the Clan  
That goes out and kills its own meat  
From today on I'm there, for I've killed my own bear  
And I've brought you in moose meat to eat."

Monday Morning

October 1st, 1928

**BREAKFAST MENU  
BARRINGTON HALL**

Fresh Fruits in season

Sliced oranges with Vermouthe

Peeled Pineapple en can

Calinash Figs

Cereals

Shredded Wheat Biscuits

Pine needles with moose balls

Caribou Moss and Goat's milk

Fruit of the Hen

Hen Fruit, any style, any price

On the hurricane deck of a Shredded Wheat

Mutton Chops Latham Style

Goat Chops au Stone

Young Moose Cutlets grilled

Toasted Rolls

Genuine Stikine River Hot cakes with Log Cabin

Graham Rolls and Honey

Peach Jam

Native Sons

Union Oil Coffee

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** From this date, Oct. 1st, 1928, the date of September 30th will be a NASHional Holiday. The Capitol of the U. S. A. has been officially changed to NASHville, and all officers and members of the President's Cabinet will ride in NASH Cars.

In Commemoration of the great day, the Lodge of Moose will go into annual mourning, and Mr. Zeigfield will drape his Bare Chorus.

Mr. F. J. Nash, the now confirmed big game addict who yesterday broke the world's record and tied Bill Beach in everything but talk was very modest when seen by the reporter of the Glacier Lake Gazette. "Just tell the 'panting public' that it was nothing, nothing at all," he said. "I got the Croix de Guerre for less, and the wound stripe I drew for a slight touch of the Gonny Hoo Rah didn't bother me half as much."

Carelessly our hero lighted a cigarette, belched modestly, lifted one leg and knocked a ground squirrel out of a tree 300 yards away as he continued: "I seen my duty and I done it—I had to protect the boys.

An antiseptic tablet has been erected on the spot, the Red Cross marking the spot where the bear lost his berries.

**SIC SEMPER MCGINNIS**

Mayor Walker, the bell cow of the camp on Manhattan is framing a welcome for the all conquering Nash on his return and by special request, he will belch over the Radio.

The Night the gang came drifting in  
The Eve was cold and chill  
And a threat of winter snow appeared  
Across the nearby hill.  
That ever around the camp fire  
They told how they had tried  
But they drew the equine giggle  
At the clumsy way they lied.

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow  
Now where in the Hell do you think we'll go  
Not to the River to face Wild Sid  
Not to the mountains for Goat or Kid  
Shall we roam the flat for big horn moose  
Or look at the hills where the sheep are loose?  
Nix, there's only one place and we must be there  
It's out on the snow for the Grizzly Bear.

Think of the Camp where we spent a week  
Of days when the sun shone warm  
Think of the game we all have seen  
Fearless and free from harm.  
Think of the shots that ye have passed up  
Think of the shots ye missed  
Then think of the trophies that ye must get  
Before ye embrace the twist.

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow  
A string of tracks will give up a show  
Oil and grease up the Snickersnee  
Pick out a dry spot under a tree  
Wait right there till ye see his eye  
Then soak the bastard and watch him die  
Grab off his pelt and the long long tramp  
To the God Given welcome of the Glacier Lake Camp.

The pack train's gone, we may mush out  
And the trail is cold and steep—  
But the sun may come and the trail dry up  
If the gang don't sit and weep.  
Are we down "'arted," not a damn bit  
Buckle on light gear and go  
We are all roughnecks and we give a damn  
For all Hell, and the beautiful snow.



Oh the snow, the beautiful snow  
We'll all hit out where we want to go  
Never a dude that will sulk in his tent  
Nor care a damn where the Grizzly went  
Heads all up, we start from here  
Over the trackless snow  
Grab up your musket, and hit the ball  
If the gang's all ready, LET'S GO.

The morning sun rose clear and bright  
We tried to hide our grief  
For Roy walked out at early dawn  
With Old Sullen Bull, the Chief.  
The hills around are bare of game  
No moose the valley jam  
And still we hear his warning note  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

For days like Anthony of Old  
He sulked within his tent  
He would not go in search of game  
Nor step out pleasure bent.  
Yet yesterday he got a moose  
Nor seemed to care two damns  
For on the lake we heard him croak  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

They took the pack train and the boys  
As they started on their mooch  
They took their choice of all the grub  
And likewise copped some hooch.  
And as they left our happy camp  
Faced toward the line of Uncle Sam's  
We heard him croak to Roy as he groaned  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

He took a side trip with Friend Jack  
They roamed the hills for miles  
But sight of game or scenery grand  
Could scare him into smiles.  
He blamed Fred for a lack of grub  
The weather was storms and calms  
And in between his groushings growled  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

Poor Roy, we sympathise with him  
He was out to save the flag  
And went along to be a sport  
And to hear him chew the rag  
But when he gets on LeRoy's nerves  
He may hand him a couple of whams  
And when he dusts his pants he'll growl  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

Now Doc has bound his ankle up  
That he may safely walk  
He should have lashed his lower jaw  
To save Roy from his talk  
We hope they have a pleasant camp  
And when snow their tent flap jams  
He can bare his Fanny to the breeze  
"Nothing here but Ewes and Lambs."

Some day he'll leave this mundane sphere  
And climb up to the Pearly Gates  
St. Pete will say "No growlers here."  
The Devil takes care of their fates  
And take your grouch and go below  
And go with two double damns  
You quit a good camp and you quit a good gang  
For your damn old Ewes and Lambs.



We got the word at Glacier Lake  
When Fred was short of food  
But Sid said "Hit the trail at once,"  
And the fun just getting good.  
We had to beat it—Hell was out  
The trail was picked and laid  
And he hiked down to the Stikine  
To meet, The Gentleman Unafraid.

The gang came to the Landing  
Where was the bleeding boat?  
Or anything to take us  
To any place where we could float.  
No friendly hand to greet us  
Or to cheer for the trip we made  
And all we had to boost us was  
We were Gentlemen Unafraid.

Doc Stone was getting peevish  
And Gale' was feeling sore  
Because no one had met us  
When we hit the Stikine Shore  
And Nash was getting anxious  
And we wished that we had stayed  
And let some others go to meet  
The Gentleman Unafraid.

But sure it was a trip at that  
It was that, and something more  
If we had cared to hunt a lot  
We could have hides and heads galore.  
But who gives a damn for trophies  
After the bills are paid  
If you can hit the River and meet  
A Gent, that's Unafraid.

The trip is damn near over  
We can see the bloody end  
And the echo of the Hazel B  
Is just around the bend.  
But of all the trips these Dudes have had  
Ours put them in the shade  
And Old Kid, we're proud to meet you  
As Gents that ain't afraid.

So take us up to Telegraph  
And to the joint of Harry Dodd  
And see what we will do to him  
And to his stock, by God.  
I'll take a little bet with you  
That we will ditch the spade  
And when he gets our order  
He'll know we're Gents Unafraid.

So bye the party's over  
For the boat is heaving nigh  
And of the gang that's waiting  
We all are feeling dry.  
And if you have a drink that's loose  
Shoot out and you are made  
Because you are slipping hooch to birds  
That are Gentlemen Unafraid.

There's Gents that hunt for the nimble bear  
And there's gents that hunt for the moose  
And they stake their all, on the Red God's Call  
When their work will turn them loose.  
And if you would hunt the wiley goat  
And it's not like hunting the duck  
Where you sit in a blind with a dry behind  
On the shores of Currituck.

For if ye would hunt the Mountain Goat  
In the Wilds of the Cassiar—  
You must pay the shot in sweat and blood  
And bow to the Gods that Are  
You must climb to the top of the steepest hill  
Over devil clubs, moss, and rocks  
Where the hardy sons of the Pioneers  
Wallop bits off with their cocks.

You must hit the trail at the break of day  
And grab off a pinch of food  
And leave all comfort far behind  
And swear that the Goings Good.  
You must wade the stream and climb the hill  
And walk with the head held high  
Nor shed a tear, for the Camp so near  
Ye do everything but die.

Ye must shake the bush and take the flood  
And feel the wet on the neck  
Ye must climb like Hell, from cliff to dell  
Till you are a total wreck  
Away up there where the fog hangs low  
And the rocks are a slippery muss  
You must take a chance on this long shot dance  
If ye would be one of us.

And when ye reach the topmost peak  
And the goat stands clear in the sky  
Ye must wipe the lid at the goat or kid  
And shoot—or ye have to lie.  
If the shot go wide—and the goat away  
Ye must swear till the Gods all tire  
That ye held it fair, t'was a chance most rare  
And balked by a "damned Hang Fire."



And if ye should kill and the trophy grand  
Drops down from the distant hill  
And you rush right over to get a look  
And have a gloat at your kill—  
And the Goat is shy a pair of balls  
And has a quiff spread like a fan  
And exudes a smell that breathes of Hell  
And responds to the name of Nan.

Well, it's up to you to try again  
Once again to climb the hill,  
And step on the gas till ye make a pass  
And bring into camp a "kill"  
But today as we leave the Cassiar  
And go to the Wrangell Bar  
Let us take a shot for the game we've got  
And to Hell with the Goats that Are.

When the days get shorter and shorter,  
When the morning just fades into noon,  
When afternoon comes at three o'clock  
And evening, all too soon,  
When the black bear are holed in the valleys  
When the Grizzly all sleep on the rocks,  
When the Gang's wardrobe is bogged down  
To one pair of pants and some socks.

When the eggs and the bacon have vanished  
And fresh fruit is only a dream  
When the canned goods have gone with the summer  
And we're all drinking coffee sans cream,  
When sugar is only a memory  
And hot cakes are only a myth,  
When bacon and ham have both vanished  
And there's nothing to mix soda with.

When the rum and cognac have departed  
And the gin and vermouth as well,  
When the Scotch and peach brandy are gone, too,  
And the liquor is all shot to hell,  
When tobacco is scarcer and scarcer  
With every one half out of shells  
And the memories of onions and garlic  
Are merely recollections of smells.

When Roy and A H are in Gotham  
And telling the gang of their hunt  
And Roy modestly admits to his cronies  
That his Grizzly was only a runt,  
And A H tells the things that he could have  
Shot, and brought back to the camp,  
But didn't because he had plenty  
And opines a game hog is a tramp.

When Jack gets a hankering for Blackstone  
And forgets his Cassiar Mines  
And Gale has a longing for Flushing  
To get back to the making of signs,  
When winter with cold is upon us  
And we're tied up in ten feet of snow,  
When the Stikine is closed for the season  
And even Doc is willing to go.

When Walter thinks of that log cabin  
Down there where the Old Stikine flows  
And Fred starts to smile at Doc's Nannies  
Every time his proboscis blows,  
When the snow has crept down to the lakeside  
And the trees are encased in frost rime,  
We can look to each other and murmur,  
"Well, boys, we have had a good time.

And when all the Gang's back in Gotham  
And hard in the harness again,  
Sometimes a strange sound will awake them  
And they'll pause, and they'll listen, and then—  
Their thoughts will go back to the Stikine,  
The pack train, the camp, and the punt,  
And under their breath they may murmur,  
"Well, that sure was a damn good Hunt!"

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